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BILLY THE KID
NO. 92
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BILLY THE KID
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BILLY THE KID
IN MEXICO, WILLIAM S. BONNEY, ALIAS "BILLY THE KID" WAS KNOWN AS EL CHIVITO, WHICH IS SPANISH FOR THE LITTLE GOAT... OR KID! BILLY THE KID HAD MORE FRIENDS SOUTH OF THE BORDER THAN HE DID IN HIS OWN COUNTRY... AND THE PEOPLE WOULD ALWAYS BEFRIEND HIM IN ANY CLASH WITH THE AUTHORITIES!
THE CLOTHES HE WORE WERE KNOWN TO MOST MEXICANS... JUST AS THE BLACK AND WHITE STALLION HE RODE WAS SURE TO BE RECOGNIZED... WHICH IS WHY, WHEN HE LED THE GANG HOLDING UP THE PADUANO STAGE, THE MASK HE WORE DIDN'T CONCEAL HIS IDENTITY!
BLAM!
VAMOS, AMIGOS! FOLLOW THE GOLD!
BLAM!
LET THEM TAKE IT ... THEY ARE LED BY EL CHIVITO!
EL CHIVITO STRIKES AGAIN
THE STAMPEDING BRONCS TORE OVER THE NARROW MOUNTAIN ROAD... AND THE HEAVY WAGON SKIDDED RIGHT OVER THE EDGE!
CRASHHHH!

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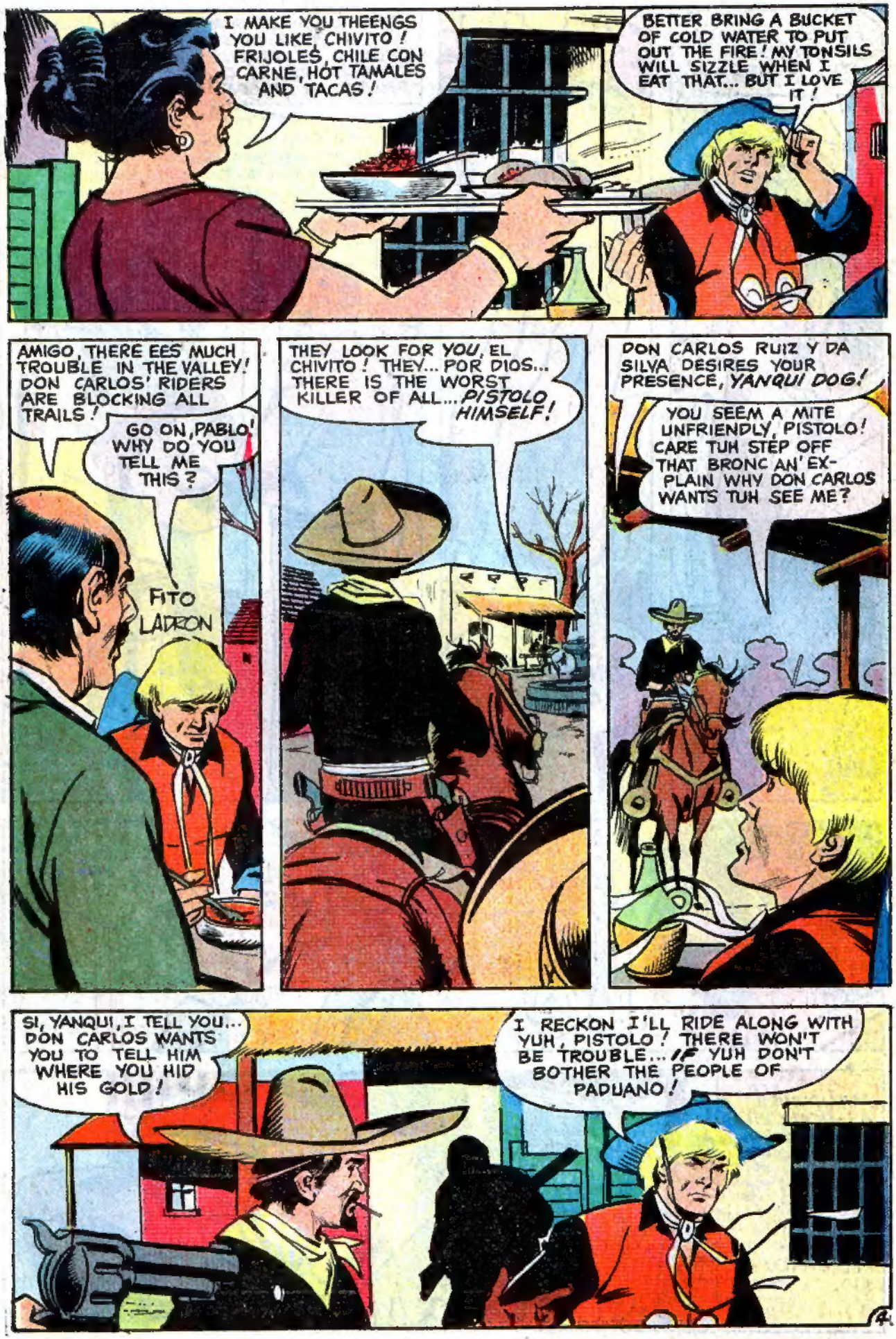
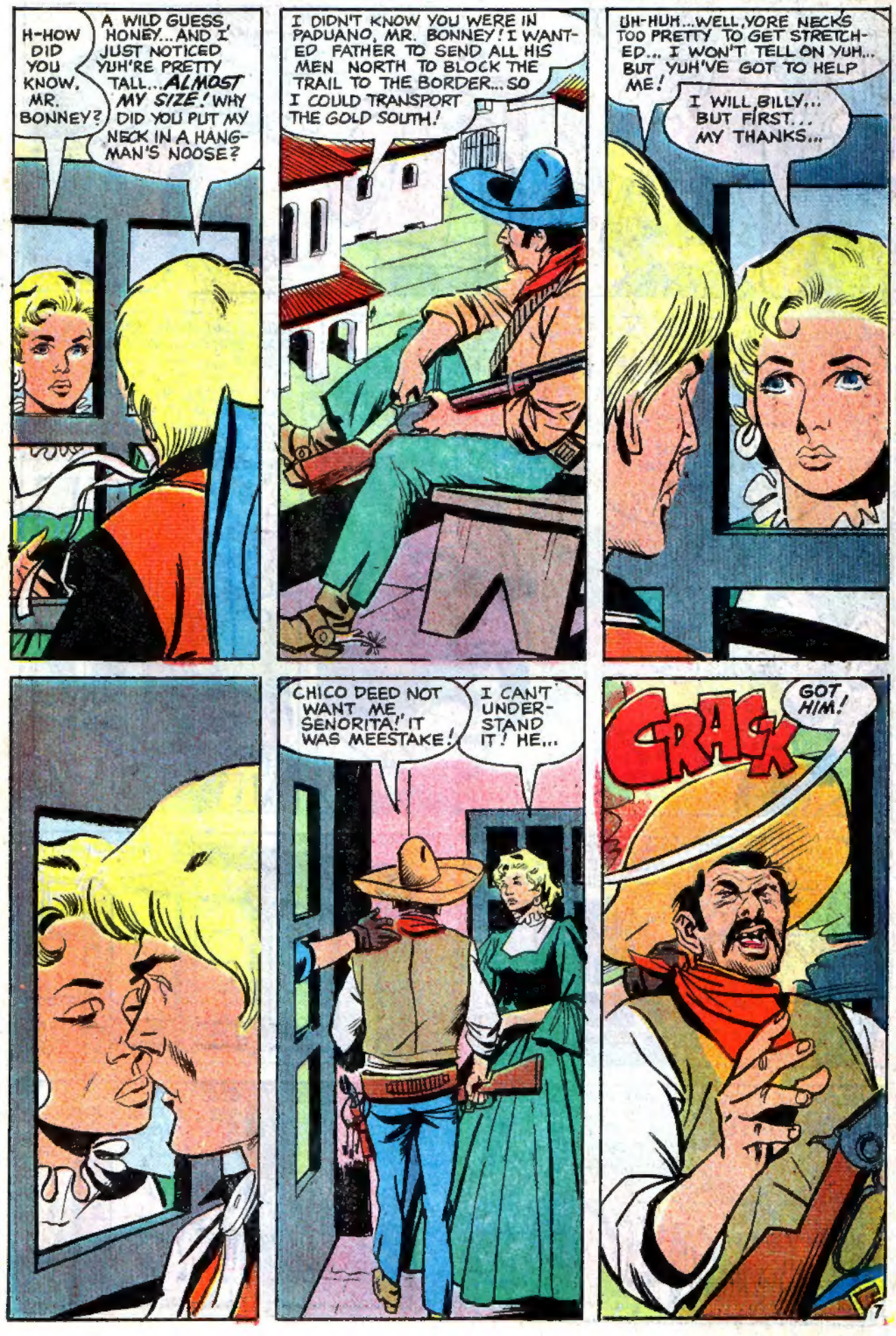
THERE IS MUCH GOLD! CAN WE NOT KEEP ONE LEETLE BAR FOR OURSELVES!
NO, AMIGO... THEN WE WOULD REALLY BE THIEVES! TAKE IT TO THE SECRET PLACE... IT MUST BE USED WELL!
AT HIS HACIENDA, IGNORANT OF THIS FINANCIAL DISASTER, DON CARLOS RUIZ Y DE SILVA WAS CONTENT WITH HIS LABORS...
YOUR WINE, PATRON!
AHH, THE FRAGRANCE OF A MONTILLO SHERRY IS...
ESTUPIDO! YOU BROUGHT ME CLARET!
SPLATT!
SEND SENORITA MARGARITA TO ME, FOOL! AT ONCE!
BUT BEFORE DON CARLOS COULD SPEAK TO HIS ONLY DAUGHTER, A RIDER APPEARED... HIS HORSE COLLAPSING, THE RIDER IN STUTTERING TERROR!
...LED BY THE YANQUI, EL CHIVITO, AND THEY ESCAPED WITH THE GOLD, PATRON! THE OTHERS PURSUE EL CHIVITO! I THOUGHT IT BEST TO HURRY TO YOU AND INFORM YOU OF THIS TRAGEDY!
2

GRACIAS, HOMBRE! I THANK YOU FOR TELLING ME!
SPLAAT!
YOU TREACHEROUS FOOL!
FOR THE NEXT THIRTY MINUTES DON CARLOS RUIZ WAS BUSY SENDING OUT SCORES OF HEAVILY ARMED MEN TO SEARCH FOR EL CHIVITO AND THE $90,000 IN GOLDEN INGOTS!
PISTOLO, TAKE A DOZEN MEN TO PADUANO ...IF YOU FIND THIS YANQUI, TAKE HIM ALIVE ...I WILL MAKE HIM TELL ME WHERE THE GOLD IS! IF YOU FAIL TO FIND HIM... BURN THE ENTIRE VILLAGE! KILL THOSE WHO RESIST!
YOU CANNOT DO THAT, PAPA!
I AM THE LAW IN THIS VALLEY! I CAN DO ANYTHING I CHOOSE TO DO! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL DAY, MUCHACHA?
I WENT RIDING, PAPA!
MEANWHILE, AS DON CARLO'S ARMED RIDERS RACED DOWN THE VALLEY, BILLY THE KID RELAXED IN THE WARM SUN... IN PADUANO!


I MAKE YOU THEENGS YOU LIKE, CHIVITO! FRIJOLES, CHILE CON CARNE, HOT TAMALES AND TACAS!
BETTER BRING A BUCKET OF COLD WATER TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! MY TONSILS WILL SIZZLE WHEN I EAT THAT... BUT I LOVE IT!
AMIGO, THERE EES MUCH TROUBLE IN THE VALLEY! DON CARLOS' RIDERS ARE BLOCKING ALL TRAILS!
GO ON, PABLO! WHY DO YOU TELL ME THIS?
FITO LADRON
THEY LOOK FOR YOU, EL CHIVITO! THEY... POR DIOS... THERE IS THE WORST KILLER OF ALL... PISTOLO, HIMSELF!
DON CARLOS RUIZ Y DA SILVA DESIRES YOUR PRESENCE, YANQUI DOG!
YOU SEEM A MITE UNFRIENDLY, PISTOLO! CARE TUH STEP OFF THAT BRONC AN' EXPLAIN WHY DON CARLOS WANTS TUH SEE ME?
SI, YANQUI, I TELL YOU... DON CARLOS WANTS YOU TO TELL HIM WHERE YOU HID HIS GOLD!
I RECKON I'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YUH, PISTOLO! THERE WON'T BE TROUBLE... IF YUH DON'T BOTHER THE PEOPLE OF PADUANO!
4

PISTOLO AN' HIS BOYS WOULD HAVE SHOT UP THE TOWN... SOMEONE WOULD'VE GOT KILLED FOR SURE!
WHY DID YOU NOT FLEE, CHIVITO?
THEY TOOK HIS GUN AND TIED HIS HANDS AND THEN RODE UP VALLEY TOWARD THE RUIZ HACIENDA...
IT WAS MY HOPE YOU WOULD TRY TO USE YOUR GUN COWARDLY GRINGO! I WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU WITH GREAT HAPPINESS!
IT WOULD'VE BEEN SUICIDE ESTUPIDO! DON CARLOS WANTS ME ALIVE, REMEMBER!
TWO HOURS LATER, AT SUNDOWN...
MAKE IT LESS PAINFUL FOR YOURSELF, BONNEY! WHERE IS MY GOLD?
I WOULDN'T KNOW, RUIZ... I HOPE SOMEONE'S GOT IT WHO'LL USE IT BETTER THAN YOU!
OF WHAT CONCERN IS IT TO YOU OR ANYONE HOW I USE MY WEALTH?
RUIZ, YOU'VE SQUEEZED THE PEOPLE IN THIS VALLEY... TAKEN THEIR GOLD, DRIVEN THEM OFF THE GOOD FARMLAND, DROVE OFF THEIR STOCK. YOU EVEN HUNG A FEW YOU ACCUSED OF STEALIN' A PIG!
SHUT YOUR GRINGO MOUTH!
SOCK!

FATHER, WHAT HAS HE DONE?
THIS IS THE NOTORIOUS YANQUI OUTLAW, EL CHIVITO!
HE WILL BE HUNG AFTER BREAKFAST TOMORROW! I WILL SEND WORD... THE PEASANTS WHO ADORE EL CHIVITO CAN WATCH HIM DIE!
BUT HOW CAN THAT BRING BACK THE STOLEN GOLD?
EVEN IF I NEVER RECOVER IT, TO SEE EL CHIVITO DIE WILL BE WORTH THE LOSS! BUT I WILL GET BACK MY GOLD, DAUGHTER! THEY CANNOT TAKE IT OUT OF THIS VALLEY!
THE STONE-WALLED, IRON DOORED CELL WAS ESCAPE PROOF...
I WONDER WHO DID STEAL HIS GOLD... WHOEVER IT WAS DRESSED LIKE ME SO RUIZ OR HIS RIDERS WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM!
WHICH MAKES IT AN INSIDE JOB... SOMEONE RIGHT HERE TOOK HIS GOLD! BUT WHO?
MR. BONNEY!
WELL, WELL... SENORITA MARGARITA RUIZ Y DE SILVA... MY FRIENDS IN PADUANO SAY MANY GOOD THINGS OF YOU! WHERE DID YOU FIND A BLACK AND WHITE STALLION LIKE MINE?
I DON'T KNOW WH... SSSSHH!!

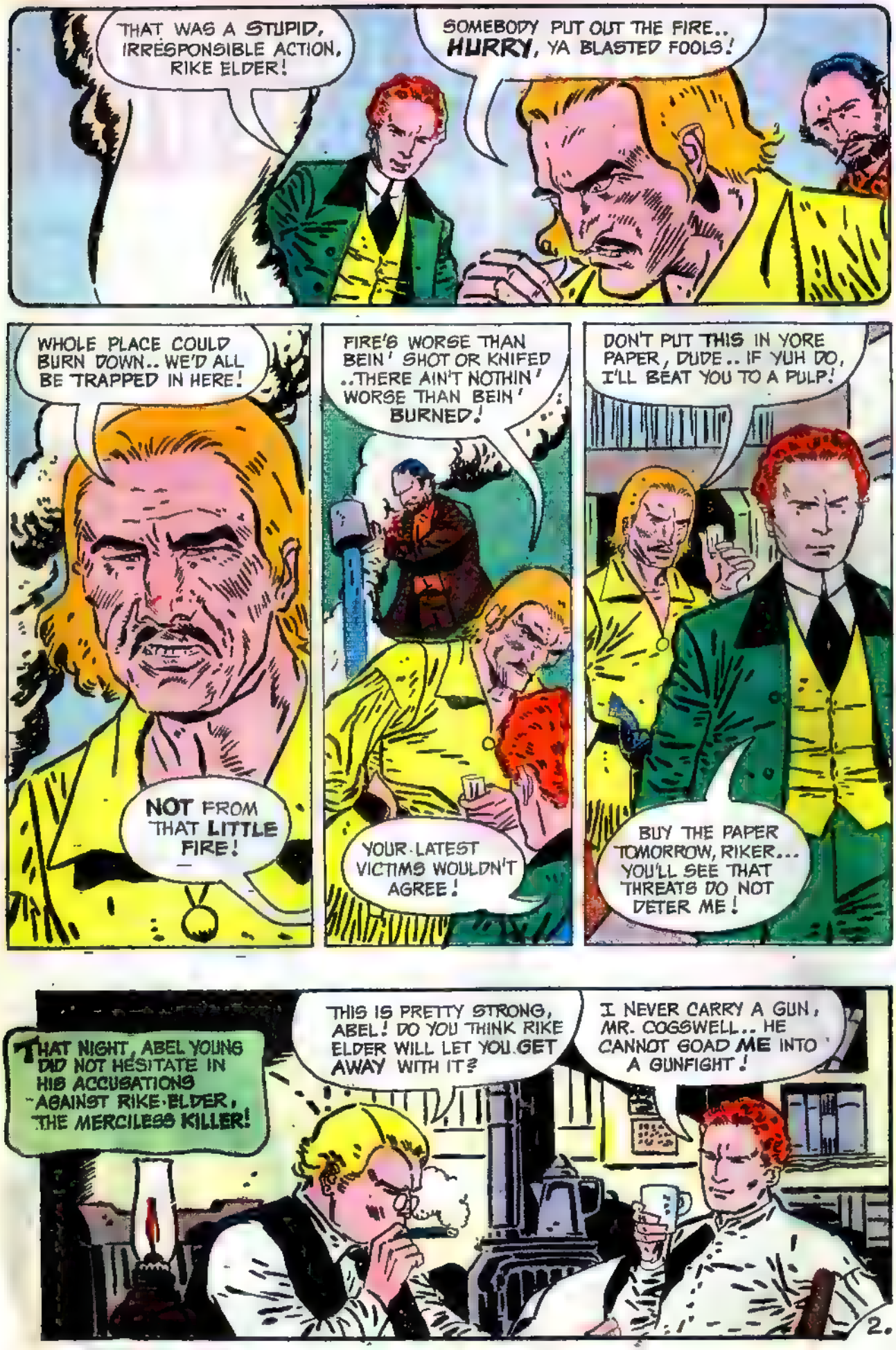

H-HOW DID YOU KNOW, MR. BONNEY?
A WILD GUESS, HONEY... AND I JUST NOTICED YUH'RE PRETTY TALL... ALMOST MY SIZE! WHY DID YOU PUT MY NECK IN A HANG-MAN'S NOOSE?
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE IN PADUANO, MR. BONNEY! I WANT-ED FATHER TO SEND ALL HIS MEN NORTH TO BLOCK THE TRAIL TO THE BORDER... SO I COULD TRANSPORT THE GOLD SOUTH!
UH-HUH... WELL, YORE NECKS TOO PRETTY TO GET STRETCH-ED... I WON'T TELL ON YUH... BUT YUH'VE GOT TO HELP ME!
I WILL, BILLY... BUT FIRST... MY THANKS...
CHICO DEED NOT WANT ME, SENORITA! IT WAS MEESTAKE!
I CAN'T UNDER-STAND IT! HE...
CRACK
GOT HIM!
7

HURRY, BILLY!
DOIN' THE BEST I CAN, HONEY!
WAIT OUTSIDE, MARGARITA... TRY TO GET A SADDLE ON TWO BRONCS!
YES, BILLY... AS YOU SAY!
BILLY THE KID RACED UP THE STAIRS FROM THE CELLARS BENEATH THE HACIENDA...HE FOUND DON CARLOS IN HIS BEDROOM!
YOU FOOL...THEY'LL KILL YOU WHEN TH... SENOR BONNEY, WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
I WILL GIVE YOU MONEY AND A FAST HORSE IF...
CHANGED YORE TUNE IN A HURRY, DIDN'T YUH, RUIZ? WHAT I WANT FROM YUH IS...
SIGN OVER THE LAND YUH STOLE! RETURN THE CATTLE TO THE OWNERS ...RELEASE THE SLAVES YOU'VE GOT WORKIN' IN YORE MINES!
START SIGNING THE PAPERS! I'LL SEE THEY REACH THE RIGHT PEOPLE!
AN HOUR LATER ...AS PISTOLO POUNDED ON THE OUTSIDE DOOR...
THIS ONE...THE CONFESSION TO KIDNAPPIN' PEASANTS TUH ENSLAVE IN YORE MINES... IT'S ENOUGH TUH FINISH YUH, RUIZ!
OPEN THE DOOR, GRINGO! THE HOUSE IS SURROUNDED!

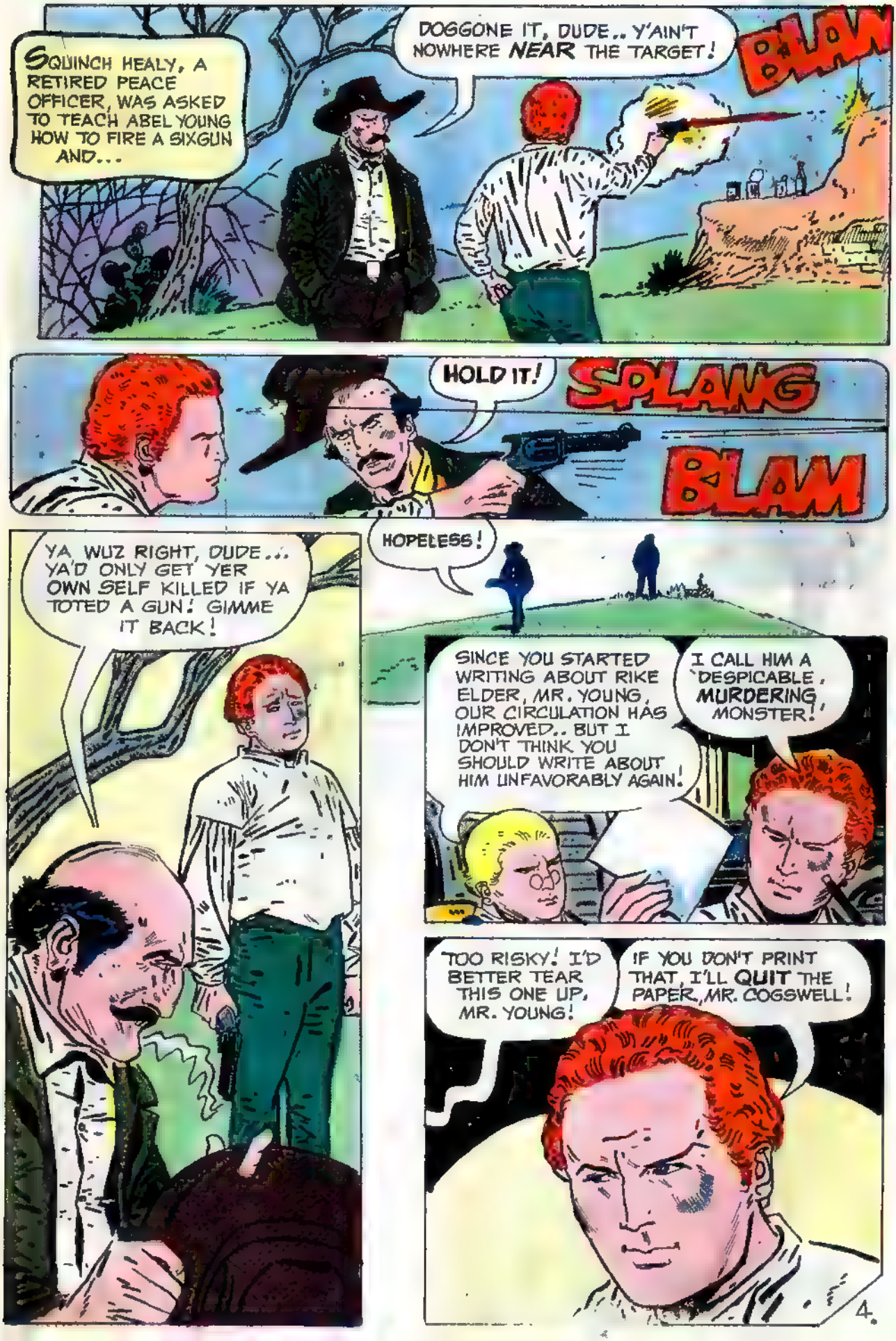
TWO DOZEN KILLERS WAITED WORD FROM PISTOLO... BILLY THE KID DIDN'T HAVE A PRAYER! OR DID HE?
OH, LORD, I NEED YUH NOW!
SUDDENLY...ON A HILL IN THE FIRST RAYS OF THE RISING SUN, A GREAT STALLION REARED...HIS RIDER FIRED A SIX-GUN!
CARRAMBA! EL CHIVITO HAS ESCAPED! TELL PISTOLO... THE REST OF YOU..., AFTER HIM!
BAM!
THE GRINGO DOG CANNOT BE OUT THERE! HE IS IN THE ROOM... I'LL PROVE IT!
GRAAASH!
PUT UP YOUR GUN PISTOLO! I AM TIRED OF KILLING AND VIOLENCE!

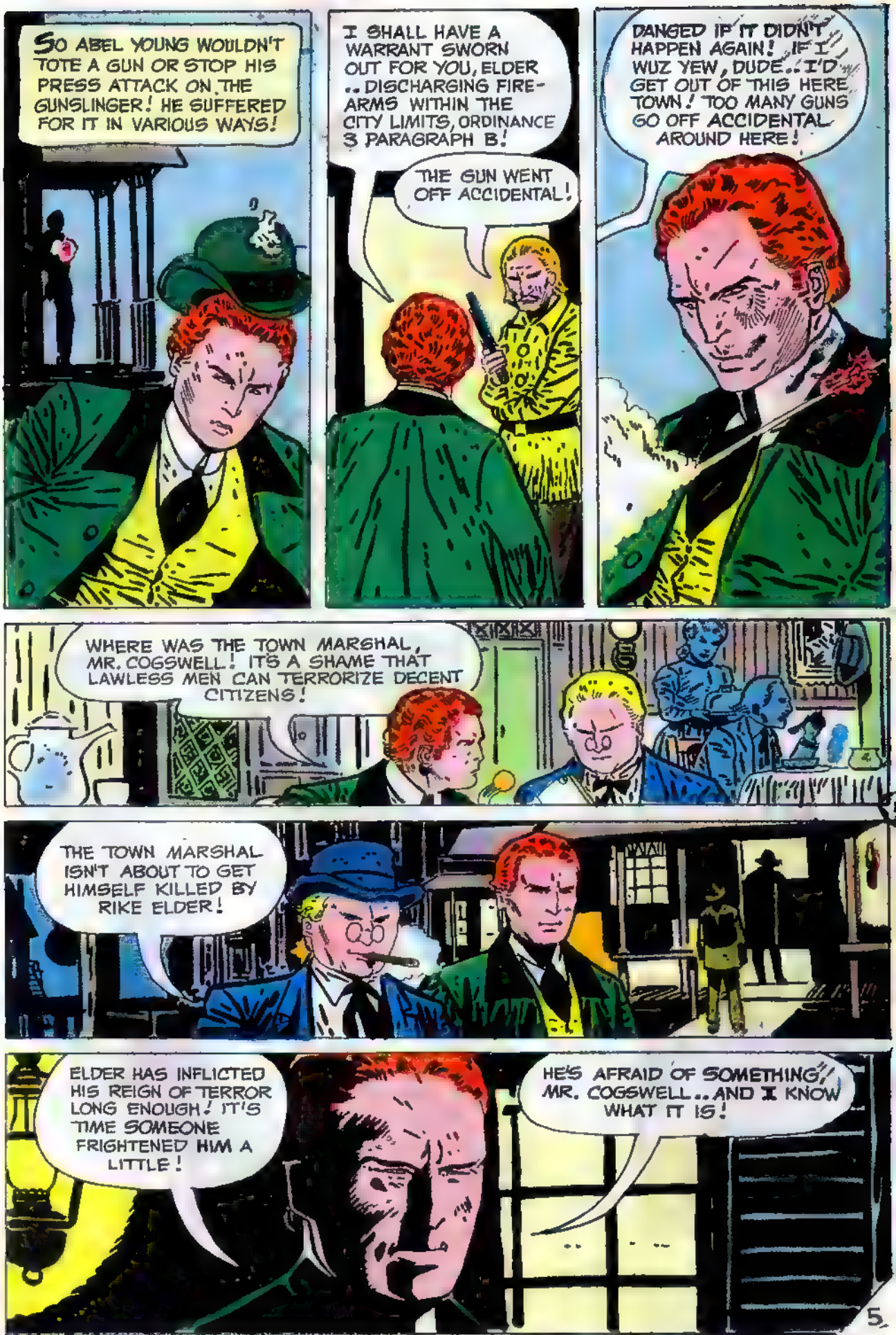
YOU OLD FOOL, I HELPED YOU BUILD THIS EMPIRE... NOW, I WILL KILL BONNEY.. THEN YOU... AND I WILL RULE THE VALLEY!
SOUNDS GREAT, PISTOLO...THERE IS JUST ONE THING WRONG...
..WORDS AIN'T ENOUGH!
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
WITH RUIZ A BEATEN MAN, AND PISTOLO SERIOUSLY WOUNDED, THE GUNSLINGERS OF DON CARLOS RUIZ Y DE SILVA SUDDENLY DECIDED THEY HAD BUSINESS ELSE-WHERE! AND BILLY THE KID MET THE PERSON WHO HAD PLAYED THE ROLE OF "EL CHIVITO!"
YUH CAN QUIT PLAYIN' THE ROLE, HONEY! I LIKE YUH LOTS BETTER IN SKIRTS!
I STOLE FATHER'S GOLD TO GIVE TO THE POOR PEOPLE WHO WERE STARVIN' IN OUR VALLEY, BILLY! IT WAS WRONG OF ME...PERHAPS FATHER WILL FORGIVE ME FOR IT SOME DAY!
I THINK HE WILL, HONEY... I'M NOT SO SURE I CAN, THOUGH!
I THINK YOU WILL, CHIVITO...
END

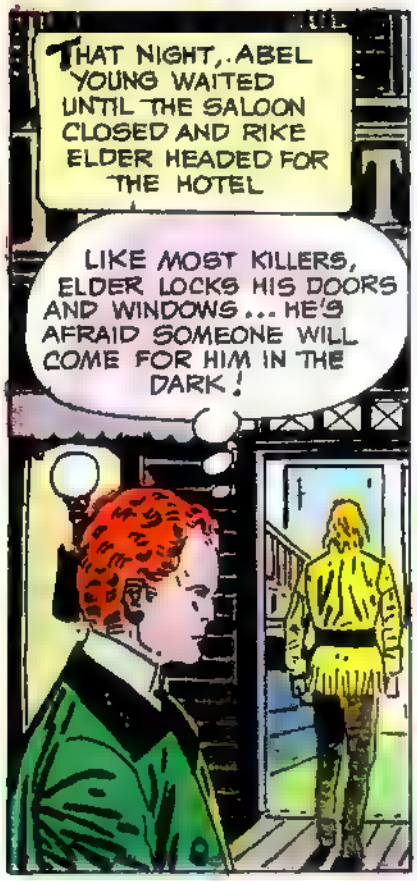
MR. YOUNG OF THE BOOTHILL GAZETTE
IN THE BURNING QUESTION!
THAT WAS A DASTARDLY DEED, SIR, AND I'M GOING TO DEMAND YOUR ARREST IN TOMORROW'S BOOTHILL GAZETTE! IT WAS MURDER.. NOT SELF-DEFENSE!
THE GUNSLINGER HAD KILLED AGAIN .. AFTER GOADING THE COWBOY WITH SCATHING INSULTS THAT LEFT HIS VICTIM NO CHOICE BUT TO GO FOR HIS GUN!
ABEL YOUNG, REPORTER, SWEEPER, AND TENDERFOOT ON THE BOOTHILL GAZETTE, SAW IT ALL.. AND INTENDED TO WRITE THE TRUTH.. EVEN IF IT GOT HIM INTO TROUBLE... AS IT ALWAYS DID!
WHEN YA FINISH THAT STORY, DUDE, YA PUT IN HOW A NOSY REPORTER GOT HISSELF SHOT AT THE SAME TIME!
D-2633
BLAM
YIPE!

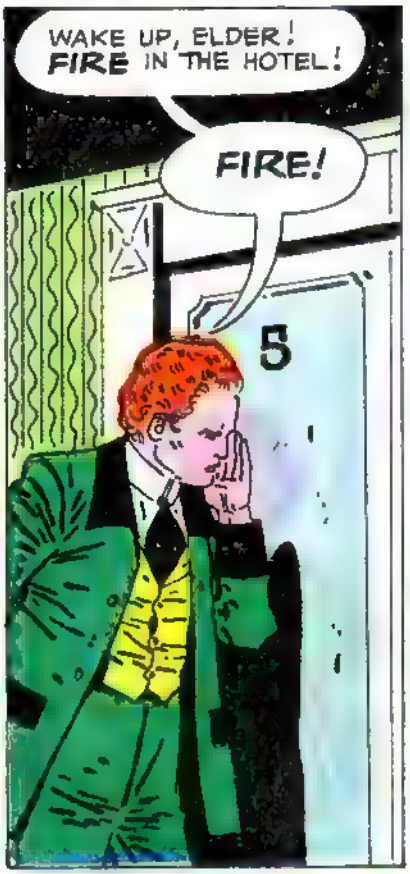

THAT WAS A STUPID, IRRESPONSIBLE ACTION, RIKE ELDER!
SOMEBODY PUT OUT THE FIRE.. HURRY, YA BLASTED FOOLS!
WHOLE PLACE COULD BURN DOWN.. WE'D ALL BE TRAPPED IN HERE!
NOT FROM THAT LITTLE FIRE!
FIRE'S WORSE THAN BEIN' SHOT OR KNIFED ..THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' WORSE THAN BEIN' BURNED!
YOUR LATEST VICTIMS WOULDN'T AGREE!
DON'T PUT THIS IN YORE PAPER, DUDE.. IF YUH DO, I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP!
BUY THE PAPER TOMORROW, RIKER... YOU'LL SEE THAT THREATS DO NOT DETER ME!
THAT NIGHT, ABEL YOUNG DID NOT HESITATE IN HIS ACCUSATIONS AGAINST RIKE ELDER, THE MERCILESS KILLER!
THIS IS PRETTY STRONG, ABEL! DO YOU THINK RIKE ELDER WILL LET YOU GET AWAY WITH IT?
I NEVER CARRY A GUN, MR. COGSWELL.. HE CANNOT GOAD ME INTO A GUNFIGHT!
2.

SO, AFTER WRITING HIS STORY, SETTING THE TYPE, AND CRANKING THE PRESS, ABEL YOUNG CLEANED UP AT DAWN, THEN SET OUT TO FINISH HIS SHARE OF THE OPERATION.. PEDDLING THE PAPER!
READ ABOUT THE LATEST MURDER BY RIKE ELDER!
I WARNED YA, DUDE!
GET DOWN ON YER KNEES AN' BEG, DUDE!
NEVER, SIR!
WHY
THAT DANGED TENDERFOOT'S GONNA GET HIMSELF SHOT YET!
NEXT TIME, YA GET A BULLET, BOY!
I WILL NOT BACK DOWN, ELDER!
MAX COGSWELL, HIS BOSS, FINALLY PERSUADED ABEL BY..
ELDER WILL SHOOT YOU DOWN IN COLD BLOOD! YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO USE A SIXGUN FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY!
I HAVE NO TALENT WITH FIREARMS.. BUT I WILL TRY, MR. COGSWELL!


SQUINCH HEALY, A RETIRED PEACE OFFICER, WAS ASKED TO TEACH ABEL YOUNG HOW TO FIRE A SIXGUN AND...
DOGGONE IT, DUDE.. Y'AIN'T NOWHERE NEAR THE TARGET!
BLAM
HOLD IT!
SPLANG
BLAM
YA WUZ RIGHT, DUDE... YA'D ONLY GET YER OWN SELF KILLED IF YA TOTED A GUN! GIMME IT BACK!
HOPELESS!
SINCE YOU STARTED WRITING ABOUT RIKE ELDER, MR. YOUNG, OUR CIRCULATION HAS IMPROVED.. BUT I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD WRITE ABOUT HIM UNFAVORABLY AGAIN!
I CALL HIM A DESPICABLE, MURDERING MONSTER!
TOO RISKY! I'D BETTER TEAR THIS ONE UP, MR. YOUNG!
IF YOU DON'T PRINT THAT, I'LL QUIT THE PAPER, MR. COGSWELL!
4.


SO ABEL YOUNG WOULDN'T TOTE A GUN OR STOP HIS PRESS ATTACK ON THE GUNSLINGER! HE SUFFERED FOR IT IN VARIOUS WAYS!
I SHALL HAVE A WARRANT SWORN OUT FOR YOU, ELDER .. DISCHARGING FIREARMS WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS, ORDINANCE 3 PARAGRAPH B!
THE GUN WENT OFF ACCIDENTAL!
DANGED IF IT DIDN'T HAPPEN AGAIN! IF I WUZ YEW, DUDE.. I'D GET OUT OF THIS HERE TOWN! TOO MANY GUNS GO OFF ACCIDENTAL AROUND HERE!
WHERE WAS THE TOWN MARSHAL, MR. COGSWELL! IT'S A SHAME THAT LAWLESS MEN CAN TERRORIZE DECENT CITIZENS!
THE TOWN MARSHAL ISN'T ABOUT TO GET HIMSELF KILLED BY RIKE ELDER!
ELDER HAS INFLICTED HIS REIGN OF TERROR LONG ENOUGH! IT'S TIME SOMEONE FRIGHTENED HIM A LITTLE!
HE'S AFRAID OF SOMETHING, MR. COGSWELL.. AND I KNOW WHAT IT IS!
.. . ...

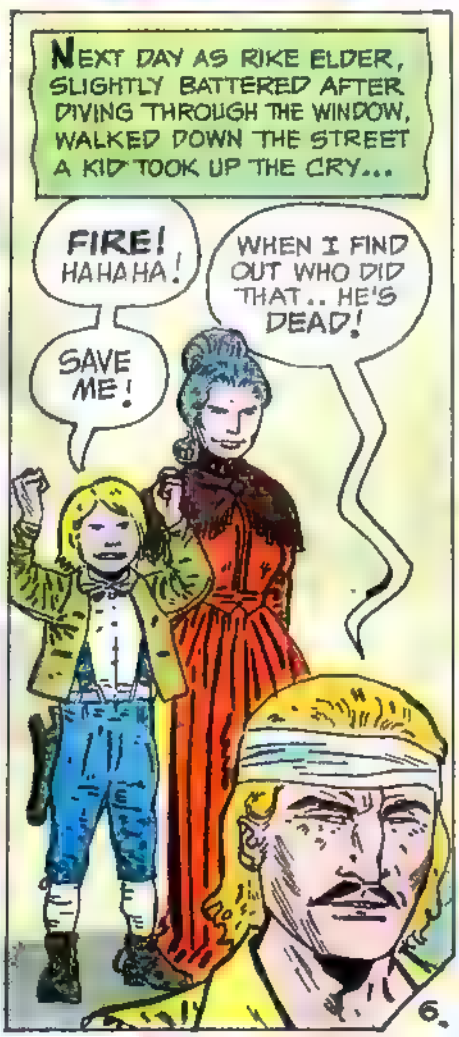

THAT NIGHT, ABEL YOUNG WAITED UNTIL THE SALOON CLOSED AND RIKE ELDER HEADED FOR THE HOTEL
LIKE MOST KILLERS, ELDER LOCKS HIS DOORS AND WINDOWS... HE'S AFRAID SOMEONE WILL COME FOR HIM IN THE DARK!


WAKE UP, ELDER! FIRE IN THE HOTEL!
FIRE!
5

FIRE? WHERE'S THE FIRE?
IT'S A MISTAKE, SIR! PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR ROOM!

BUT RIKE ELDER WASN'T LAUGHING! THE POUNDING ON HIS DOOR AND THE BELLOWED WORD 'FIRE' DROVE HIM BERSERK!
FIRE!

SAVE ME!


NEXT DAY AS RIKE ELDER, SLIGHTLY BATTERED AFTER DIVING THROUGH THE WINDOW, WALKED DOWN THE STREET A KID TOOK UP THE CRY...
FIRE! HAHAHA!
WHEN I FIND OUT WHO DID THAT.. HE'S DEAD!
SAVE ME!

IF YOU GENTS DON'T WANT A BUSTED HEAD, DON'T SAY 'FIRE' TUH ME!
I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH OIL IN THIS DISHWATER TO MAKE IT SMELL RIGHT!
SPLUT.. WHO-WHAT IS IT? IT SMELLS LIKE...
IT'S OIL, ELDER!
I SOAKED YOU IN COAL OIL..IF YOU PULL THE TRIGGER..YOU GO UP IN FLAMES!
OIL? FLAMES !?
THAT DUDE DUMPED DISHWATER ON ELDER!
AAAAA
RIKE ELDER HEARD THEM AS HE GROVELED IN THE HORSE TROUGH...THEIR LAUGHTER..AND HE KNEW HE'D HAVE TO LEAVE THE TOWN OF BOOTHILL...!!
HA HA
D-DISHWATER!
HA
SOB!
HE RODE OUT...LEAVING ABEL YOUNG A HAPPY MAN, HAVING PROVED ONCE MORE THAT....
THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD, MR. COGSWELL..OR THE SIXGUN!
YES, YES!
THE END
7.

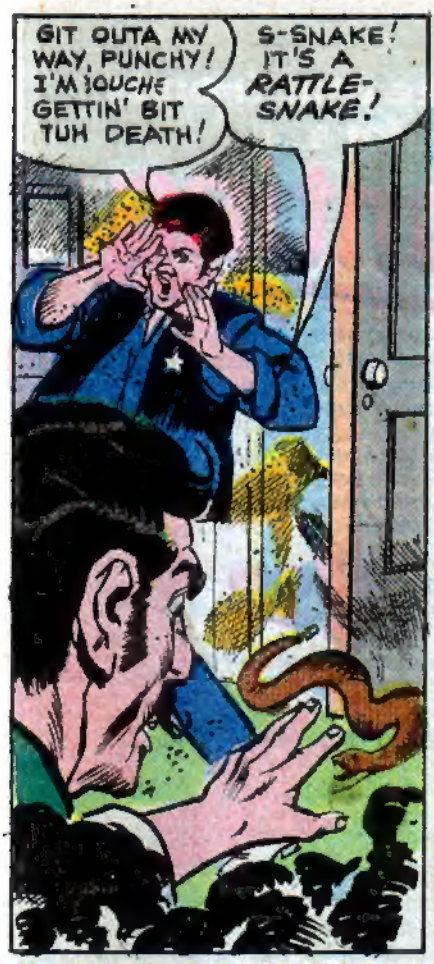
BILLY THE KID
WHEN BILLY THE KID RODE INTO HELLOBROTHER, NEW MEXICO, HE SAW THE SIGN... AND THE TALL, BLACK-GARBED DEPUTY HOLDING THE SCATTERGUN BESIDE THE SIGN WHICH SAID "CHECK YOUR SHOOTING IRONS HERE UNTIL YOU LEAVE!"
WILLIAM S. BONNEY SMILED... IT LOOKED LIKE HE'D HAVE A PEACEFUL VISIT TO TOWN!
- YOU SURE NOBODY TOTES A GUN IN HELLOBROTHER, MISTER? I MEAN BESIDES THE SHERIFF AN' DEPUTIES!
SHERIFF DON'T BELIEVE IN PISTOLS, MISTER! FOR THAT MATTER, I DON'T EITHER... THIS SCATTERGUN'S FOR SIDEWINDERS...
CHECK YOUR SHOOTING IRONS HERE
A NICE PEACEFUL TOWN
D2652
WHAT DO YOU USE FOR PEOPLE?
I WAS AFRAID YA WOULDN'T ASK!
POW!

I'LL REMEMBER THAT, BROTHER!
YOU DO THAT! NOW, RUN ALONG... SHERIFF BILLINGS DON'T WANT ME BEATIN' ON NEW ARRIVALS TO HELLOBROTHER...
HE SEZ IT GIVES THE TOWN A BAD NAME!
BILLY THE KID SAW AN ENTIRE TOWN GOING AROUND WITHOUT WEAPONS! THIS WAS IN A DAY WHEN ALMOST EVERY MAN CARRIED A SIX-GUN...
THIS NO-GUN BUSINESS... IT SURE STARTS A LOT OF TROUBLE! EVERY TIME SOME SUCKER LOSES AND ME WITHOUT MY DERRINGER, HE PUNCHES ME IN THE FACE!
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, KENO?
TAKIN' OUR GUNS IS THE MOST UNCIVILIZED THING I'VE HEARD OF!
YUH'RE RIGHT, KENO! I BUSTED A BONE IN MY GUN HAND WHEN I TRIED TO FIGHT A LITTLE OLD MAN WHO PUNCHED ME IN THE EYE!
HOWDY, RANCE! I'VE NEVER BEEN IN HELLOBROTHER BEFORE! WHO'S THIS SHERIFF BILLINGS?
IF YUH GOT ANY SENSE, YUH'LL RIDE OUT BEFORE YUH MEET HIM!

DUKE BILLINGS WAS A PROFESSIONAL PUGILIST BUT REAL SMART! HE HAD HALF A DOZEN SLUGGERS TRAVELIN' AROUND THE COUNTRY WHEN HE HIT THIS TOWN A COUPLE YEARS AGO!
THE TOWN DIDN'T HAVE A NAME! GUNSLICKS WERE SHOOTIN' ON SIGHT! DECENT PEOPLE DECIDED ON LAW AND ORDER, HELD AN ELECTION, AND VOTED IN JED BILLINGS WHO RAN ON A PLATFORM OF 'NO GUNS IN HELLOBROTHER'! THE TOWN NAME WAS HIS IDEA TOO!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?
YUH'RE ABOUT TUH FIND OUT, BROTHER!
HELLO, BROTHER, ON YOUR FEET ...IT'S INSPECTIN' TIME!
BEFORE I FRISK YA, BROTHER... DROP YORE WALLET IN THE HAT! I'LL INSPECT IT FER STOLEN VALUABLES IN MY OFFICE AND RETURN 'IT LATER!
I RECKON NOT, SHERIFF! THE WALLET'S MY...
TCH TCH! YOU SADDLETRAMPS TAKE MORE CONVINCIN' THAN MOST!
THUD!

I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE, SHERIFF!
GET HIS WALLET AFTER HE'S BEEN PROCESSED, MICKEY!
SOCK!
YOU'RE A FRIEND OF HIS? THAT HERD I'VE BEEN HOLDIN' WHILE WE CHECKED FOR HOOF AN' MOUTH...IT'S SOME OF THE RUSTLED BEEF THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR OVER IN LINCOLN COUNTY! I'M KEEPIN' IT FOR EVIDENCE!
THAT'S PLAIN STEALIN', BILLINGS!
DON'T CALL ME NO THIEF!
SOCK
YUH GOT A' REAL NICE TOWN HERE, RANCE!
HE COULD KILL YUH QUICKER WITH HIS FISTS THAN I COULD WITH MY LITTLE GUNS!
THAT'S TWO OF THEM I GOTTA SETTLE WITH, RANCE! NOBODY BEATS ON ME FOR NO REASON...ESPECIALLY NOT A CROOKED SHERIFF!

SOME OF US HAD IDEAS ALONG THEM LINES BUT BILLINGS AND HIS DEPUTIES FORT UP IN THE JAIL EVERY NIGHT!
THERE'S WAYS OF GETTIN' AT 'EM, RANCE! COME ON... LET'S TAKE A PASEAR OUT IN THE SAGEBRUSH! WE NEED SOME KIDS TO HELP, I THINK!
BY NIGHTFALL, BILLY THE KID HAD THE WEAPONS HE NEEDED...
IF BILLINGS IS AN EASTERNER, HE'LL GO CRAZY WHEN THIS DIAMOND BACK SNAKE COMES THROUGH THE WINDOW AT THEM!
SHOVE THE RATTLER THROUGH THE WINDOW AN' I'LL DROP THE BEEHIVE DOWN THE CHIMNEY, RANCE! THEY GOT A NICE HOT FIRE GOIN'... I'LL BLOCK THE CHIMNEY AFTER I DROP THE NEST!
INSIDE THE HELLO-BROTHER JAIL, JED BILLINGS AND HIS SLUGNUTTY DEPUTIES COUNTED THE PROFITS AND CHUCKLED OVER THE FUN AND GAMES!
THIS IS A SNUG BERTH, BOYS! SO LONG AS THERE'S NO SIDE-ARMS ALLOWED, WE GOT 'EM BUFFALOED!
SEE ME BELT OUT THE BABYFACED SADDLETRAMP? HEE HEE! I'LL BET HE'S A-HURTIN' RIGHT NOW!
THUD!
COFFEE DANGED FIREPLACE IS A-SMOKIN'!
THERE'S A BEEHIVE IN THERE, JED
YEEOW! I GOT BIT!


GIT OUTA MY WAY, PUNCHY! I'M TOUCHE GETTIN' BIT TUH DEATH!
S-SNAKE! IT'S A RATTLE-SNAKE!

I'LL TAKE THIS ONE, BILLY!
I'LL DO MY BEST WITH BILLINGS, RANCE!
CRASH!

A SHOTGUN ROARED INSIDE THE HELLDBROTHER JAIL... AND SECONDS LATER BILLINGS CAME THROUGH THE DOOR, BELLOWING WITH PAIN AS WASPS STUNG HIM...
OUT OF MY WAY, SADDLE-TRAMP!

SOCK!

I KNOCKED HIM OUT ...WITH ONE PUNCH!
ANYBODY COULD... BILLINGS ALWAYS HAD A GLASS JAW, BUDDY! YEEEOOW! I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

THEY WERE ALL GONE BY MORNING...THEY LEFT ON FOOT, BAREFOOT, AND WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN! THE CITIZENS RENAMED THEIR TOWN TOO!
MEBBE NOW THERE'LL BE PEACE AND QUIET IN TOWN, BILLY!
I SURE HOPE SO, RANCE!
BEE STING TOWN JAIL
END

THE CAPE KILLER

On August 17, 1879, the man who had terrorised the territory for two years paid for his terrible crimes with his life as he was hung on the gallows outside of Fort Donaldson. Known as the "Cape Killer" he had held up stagecoaches, robbed banks, and shot to death an army paymaster. Rewards totalling more thar twenty six thousand dollars had been offered for information leading to his arrest and conviction. Yet that huge sum of money had for some time been unable to get anyone to come forth with some clues.

He worked alone. He wore a cape and carried two revolvers and a rifle. He killed two stagecoach drivers, one shotgun messenger, a bank president, and the army paymaster. But who was he? There must be some way to capture him. And into the office of the territorial governor, the Honorable Walter Conroy came a man with a plan. He was none other than the character actor, John Haller. In utter amazement, the governor listened as the actor unfolded step by step his plan.

"Nothing like that has ever been tried before," admitted the governor. "Go ahead with it. I shall see you get all the cooperation you need."

Three weeks later the stagecoach from Besontown was held up by this masked man with a cape. He took the strongbox from the guard. The passengers came out of the coach. One caught his attention at once. He was a gypsy with a violin case.

"How are you going to make a living out here in the West?" asked the curious holdup man.

"By telling fortunes," was the reply. "I can read the lines in your hand. Show me your right hand and I will tell you what you really are."

So the holdup man transferred his sixshooter to his left hand.

"Don't try any tricks," he warned. "Or I will kill you."

The gypsy studied the hand carefully. Even turned it over. Then he spoke.

"You are a very determined man. You will let no obstacle stand in your way once you have made up your mind about what you want to do. You wish to get a lot of money which you are doing. But you are not lucky playing cards."

The man laughed. Tossed a silver dollar to the gypsy and told the driver to get on his way. And so the coach continued to its final destination which was the town of Raleigh. And the gypsy got out of the stagecoach. He rented an empty store and set up his business: Palm Readings. 10 cents." At the end of two weeks Sheriff Winston came to see him.

"Some folks here don't like you. So I tell you to get out of town by tomorrow's stage. Which you will do. Any luck?"

"I didn't find the hand as yet," said the gypsy who was none other than John Haller. "But at least it does eliminate those people. I will return as the youngest son of the Duke of Hartford. Let everyone know that I represent a group of English investors. Who want to buy interests in ranches."

The next day the gypsy left town. And two weeks later, William Kenforth, youngest son of the Duke of Hartford arrived. He had a letter of credit which he showed to the town banker. And also letters of introduction. Soon the word spread that a man with money had arrived. He was entertained almost nightly by the ranchers. He asked questions that showed he knew something about raising cattle. He also insisted on meeting the foreman of each ranch. And spoke to the various cowboys.

"One thing is evident," he told the Sheriff. "Whoever the so-called Cape Killer may be, he has to have information regarding the shipment of bullion, paper money, and all other valuables by coach. I have eliminated all the ranch owners and their foremen. Just two other men I want to meet."

And one day later, he came to see the sheriff. With a smile on his face.

"Only two men could have that information. The banker or the manager of the stagecoach division here. It's the manager. We will have men trail him day and night. And catch him."

Which was done and so the career of the Cape Killer was ended. Because our actor spotted the same hand he had seen before.

GERONIMO JANES

BILLY THE KID

CHEYENNE KID

CHARLTON COMICS

HEAP BIG MEDICINE

A
VIGILANTE 407
Scan